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James E. Edmonds to Major & Mrs. J. E. Edmonds (24 January 1897)

James E. Edmonds

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University Miss

Jan. 24. 1897.

Sunday.

My Dear Mother and Father:

No - I had not seen
any notice of Uncle Will's death.

I was certainly very much
shocked to hear it as no news of my
illness had reached. You know my
sympathy for you with my putting
the words on paper - and indeed, on paper
words seem so cold and lifeless that
they can but feebly express our emotions.

I have not been to church
to-day for examinations will continue
all next week and I have four to stand.
I have ~~the~~ four lunched pages to read
between now and twelve o'clock to night.

Sophomore history, which I am trying
to make up out side of the class comes to-morrow

Latin comes on Tuesday.

Mathematics is on next Friday
and Eloquence on the last day
- Saturday. I have not a single day
to rest before starting to work on
the new term.

I can not see how I omitted
mentioning about the Turkey feast
and cake carnival we had when
my box came.

It must have been that

I wrote part of the letter intending to
tell about it in the rest, and had to go
to some recitation, and when I came
back, finished the letter with out
reading the first part. I certainly
thought though I had described it all.
I put a quarter of the cake in the
bottom of a big paper sack I had,
and then after we had cleaned off all the
meat, put the turkey carcass on top of that

(3)

Took it over to the three young ladies
who stay at the house.

They had seen the box come
and knew there was a feast going on.
When the boy who took it over
knocked at their door they thought
they knew what it was and very
cordially asked him in — but
when the sack was opened and the
bare turkey carcasses laid before their
view. 'I had followed the bearer of
the gift and he and I were
standing in the door — away fairly
howling. With an "Oh! you mean
thing," she started to throw the
slice at me but just then the other one
discovered the cake and all were
pacified. Your cake has been pronounced
the best one ever in the Jones-house.
and the best fruit-cake any of them had
ever eaten.

I wish you would look in my



little desk at home and in some
of those bundles of tied up papers
find the manuscript of that story
about the man floating in the
ice - on the river.

The one I sent to the Harper
Young People. It is somewhere in my
desk. Send it to me as soon as
possible - do not wait until next
Sunday for I need it Saturday night.

Well study time draws near
and this letter must close.

from your loving son
James Edmonds



Mrs. J. E. Edwards,
Bolivar,
Miss.

